

## IN ARCADIA.

BY R. T. W. DECK, JR.

Because I choose to keep my room,  
Nor join the eldly dancers' whirl,  
I say you do not laugh, my girl,  
Nor ask me why I find it sweet  
In my old age to watch your glee—  
I, too, have been in Arcady.

And though full well I know I seem  
Quite out of place in scenes like this,  
You can't imagine how much bliss  
I give me just to sit and dream,  
As your fair form goes flitting by,  
How I, too, dwell in Arcady.

For, sweetheart, in your merry eyes  
A vanished summer lingers and flows,  
And with the same bright cheeks of rose  
I see your mother's image rise,  
And o'er a long and weary track  
My buried boyhood wanders back.

And as with tear-dimmed eyes I cast  
On your sweet form my swimming glance—  
I think your mother used to dance  
Just as you do in that past  
Long years ago—yes fifty three—  
Which I, too, dwell in Arcady.

And in the music's laughing notes  
I seem to hear old voices ring  
That have been hushed, ah! many a spring,  
And round about me faintly float  
The tones of a melody  
I used to hear in Arcady.

And younger youth—ay, do not blush;  
The boy's his father's o'er again;  
And hark he miss! I was not plain  
When at his age—what! must I hush?  
He's coming this way! Yes, I see—  
You two yet dwell in Arcady.

[Written for the Indianapolis Sentinel.]

META WOODRUF.

By Mrs. Addie Deitch Frank.

## CHAPTER V.

Supper passed off very quietly, no on seemed to have anything to say. After they were all through eating, Mr. Woodruff, carrying Meta, led the way to the drawing-room.

"Now, Gertrude, I am going to place this child under your care once more, and you, Mr. Braden, may watch over them both."

"You are not going to leave us already, papa?" Meta asked.

"Only for a little while, Lina, will you honor me with your company to the library?"

"If they wish it, yes."

After they had left the room Arthur drew his chair nearer Meta's lounge. Gertrude was sitting near her.

"You say that you and Mrs. Woodruff are old friends?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes, we have known each other nearly all our lives, and have always been true friends," answered Arthur.

"You were fortunate in remaining such, for as a rule when persons have been separated as long as you two have they usually forget each other," interrupted Meta.

"I may be glad then that this is an exception to the rule. After you are well acquainted with her you will find her a most beautiful character," replied Arthur.

"Mr. Braden, I know her already, perhaps too well. If you wish to talk of her character, please wait until I am out of hearing. Excuse my rudeness in saying this, but I have said you already know, or will soon find out, that we have no love for each other," answered Meta, indignantly.

"If you dislike her so much, can I, a friend of hers, expect to be a friend of yours?"

"If you are an honorable man, that can make no difference with me. I try to make all the friends I can—good, true friends—but as yet I have made but few, for such are hard to find."

"You are right, Miss Woodruff. Such friends are, indeed, rare, when those who are nearest and dearest turn against you."

"Of that I know nothing, for when I find a true friend I seldom or never lose them. Am I not right, Gertrude?"

"I think you are; but of one thing I am sure—that is, you are talking too much. Mr. Braden, do not speak to her again this evening."

"A command from so fair a lady must be obeyed. But I hope, Miss Woodruff, your command will not extend so far as to banish me from your society for the remainder of the evening."

"Of course not; I am not so unkind as all that. By the way, tell us something of your recent travels in Europe."

He told them of many things. One of his listeners paid particular attention to every word he uttered. She was expecting every moment to hear him speak of Eugene.

"Did you visit none of the theaters in London?" Meta asked, after he had finished.

"Yes, I had almost forgotten them. With the consent of Miss Harris, I will tell you of them."

"I will withdraw my command until then," Gertrude answered, as she knew he could tell Meta something of him from whom she was so anxious to hear. "A few evenings before we sailed for home I visited the Lyceum to hear an English opera. The theater was grand and so was the music, but must confess to a certain rudeness, that of watching a lovely face, prevented my seeing or hearing half of it."

"And who was the lady?" interrupted Meta.

"She was a cousin of a friend of mine. I met her the following evening, riding with him."

"By the way, I believe Mrs. Woodruff mentioned to me that she was a particular friend of yours."

"What was his name?"

"Eugene Hay; he is traveling through Europe with his father, who is in delicate health."

"Yes, I have known him all my life," she answered, her blushes telling more than she wished for him to know.

"Then I dare say you will be so fortunate as to receive an invitation to his wedding when—"

"Is he to be married?" interrupted Meta.

"I heard they were to be on their return to America. What is the matter, Miss Woodruff? I hope I have not talked too much."

"It is only the head; she will soon be all right," and Gertrude, coming to her cousin's rescue. When Mr. Woodruff entered the room with his wife he was greatly alarmed at finding Meta looking so ill, and insisted upon carrying her up to her room. Gertrude followed them, and Lina Woodruff and her lover were once more alone.

"How did you get along with them, Arthur?" asked Lina.

"Splendidly; they are both capital girls. I would not care to be in the society of more refined and cultivated ladies."

"The effects of my training—with one of them at least," she answered proudly.

"That is true, little woman. How did you and your husband get along in the library?"

"The time passed slowly, and whether you believe it or not, it is true, I do not remember a single word he said, as my mind was with you all the time."

"Much as I love you, Lina, I do sometimes wish that you would think more of your

noble husband and not so much of me. God knows that it is hard for me to say this, but I want to be an honorable man. You can make me such if you will."

"How can I do that?"

"By driving me away from you. Mine is not a nature which depends on the man who seems worth living for, would sink below my station in life. No, I would try to find pleasure in study and in doing good to every one. But as long as you allow me I will remain by your side."

"Do you think I could drive you away from me—the man I have loved so long? What would my life be without you? I would be willing to go with you anywhere to-day if I could free myself."

"What if he should find out we love each other? Think of the disgrace this would cause us both. For your sake, Lina, I urge you to think well over this. There are always persons who are ready and willing to ruin others if one gives them a half a chance."

"What do I care for public opinion as long as I am happy?"

"You must remember, Lina, that it is a difficult undertaking to try to live in this world without friends," he said earnestly.

"If I had you with me, what more could I want to complete my happiness?"

"Even if you had me with you there would be a time when you would sigh for other companions."

"I don't think so, Arthur; for many years I have had no other companions, no other friends, but your letters."

"And yet, in the end, you became tired of them and turned to one for whom you care nothing, for friendship."

"You are wrong there. I had become tired of the monotonous life I had to lead, and availed myself of the first opportunity to make a change, by accepting a man who is as nothing to me. Do you not think it is disgusting to me to receive his caresses? Sometimes it seems that I can't stand it."

"Poor darling, how I sympathize with you. I hear him coming now."

Mr. Woodruff entered the room, his face wearing a troubled look. Arthur soon after excused himself and retired to his room, and it was not long before Mr. Woodruff and his wife did likewise.

Our travelers were tried and worn out, and were soon fast asleep, but poor Meta, try as hard as she would, could not sleep until almost wild in her wretchedness, she resorted to opiate to give her some rest, but before she closed her eyes she resolved to trust Eugene, to believe nothing against him until he ceased to write.

[CONTINUED IN TO-MORROW'S SENTINEL.]

## JACKSON AND LOUIS PHILIPPE.

How the Former Procured the Payment of an Indemnity by France.

When General Jackson became President, writes Ben. Perley Poore in the Boston Budget, he found that France owed the United States 25,000,000 francs, which he resolved, "by the eternal," should be paid. Andrew Stevenson and William S. Archer, both of Virginia, were candidates for the French mission, but it was given to another applicant of the same name, William C. Rivers. Mr. Stevenson afterward received the mission to London; and Mr. Archer, rather piqued, joined the ranks of the opposition.

Mr. Rivers made but little headway until Louis Philippe came into power, when the treaty was signed. Great was the rage of the whistled Frenchmen, who asserted that Louis Philippe had bought in a large portion of the claims and thus robbed the French treasury in order to fill his own pockets.

Mr. Rivers, on the contrary, was in high spirits. It is asserted that only eight days after the treaty was signed he wrote a dispatch to Mr. Forsyth, Secretary of State, in which he boasted that he had effected a treaty which all his predecessors had failed to accomplish, and by which he had gained and outperformed the French mission, and induced it to "pay not only every just and legal claim, but many claims that were considered desperate and doubtful."

This was, perhaps, pardonable in a young and ardent man, but Mr. Forsyth did very wrong in permitting the letter to be made public, as subsequent events proved.

By the condition of the treaty the indemnity of 25,000,000 francs was to be paid by installments, and Mr. Woodruff, Secretary of the Treasury, was instructed to draw immediately for one of the installments. He did draw, and the draft came back dishonored and protested, and for the reason that the French Chamber of Deputies had refused to make an appropriation to fulfill the treaty which Louis Philippe had signed and sanctioned.

And the reason assigned by the Chamber for their refusal was that the American Minister, in his dispatches to his Government, had boasted that he had effected the treaty and the Duc de Broglie, in the meantime Mr. Rivers came home, and the late Edward Livingston was dispatched to the Court of St. Cloud, instructed to demand the immediate fulfillment of the conditions of the treaty of July 4, 1831, and in the event of his meeting with any obstacles to the object of his mission to demand his passports and retire to England.

He was coldly received; the Chambers refused to make any appropriation, and Mr. Livingston, as instructed, demanded his passports and retired to London. Thus stood the case until the month of January, 1835, when General Jackson issued a special message recommending to Congress the issue of letters of marque and reprisal against French commerce. The message was referred to the Committee of Foreign Affairs—Mr. Edward Everett, Chairman—in the House, and to the corresponding committee in the Senate, of which Mr. Clay was the head. The committee of the House reported in accordance with the message of the President, but that of the Senate unanimously reported that nothing should be done until further information was received from France.

Louis Philippe managed to have the indemnity paid, though the French nation was almost unanimously opposed to it, and certainly there was anything but affection manifested.

Athletic training.

Australia's champion oarsman, Mr. Edward Trickett, says that he was cured of severe pains in the back by St. Jacobs Oil, the wonderful pain reliever, and that in all athletic training for aches, pains and strained muscles it has no equal.

Mr. George Simpson, an English dairyman, says he has found that the ordinary practice of drying continuous milkers gives from twelve to sixteen quarts of milk daily, does not answer at all. Instead of attempting to dry cows giving large quantities of milk he now finds it better to turn them in a loose box and feed on oat straw. By this means the flow of milk is reduced, and gradually they dry themselves off without any evil effects following. The practice of suddenly checking the flow of milk of good milkers by the ordinary method has resulted, in his case, in three of his cows slipping their calves within forty-eight hours after the drying process had begun.

The gratitude of a father when his offspring are relieved from disease is something touching to behold. Elliott Dabola, of Indianapolis, had triple cancer for gratitude to the manufacturer of Mielher's Hair Bitters, for he writes: "All my three children have been cured of worms by your bitters. It is far ahead of all the worm lozenges ever made."

There was present a Republican leader in a township who had been Voorhees finished, got up to go out. But Hord's exordium arrested him. He turned and said:

"I'll stay and hear that fellow; they killed one of my dogs yesterday."

He did stay, and before Hord got through he had him for the whole Democratic ticket.

In arguing the tariff always commences by showing that taxes can not be legally levied except for public purposes. You understand that in oratory there is no patent, else you might be arrested for infringing on the patent of the Vice President in this regard.

Above all, and very seriously, always talk sense to the people, or do not talk at all. Be very sure that you can not be too learned.

## CANVASSING IN INDIANA.

Code of Practice by One Who Is Authority.

Prepared for the Benefit of Aspirants to Stump Oratory—A Rule for Every Emergency.

[Evansville Courier.]

There is some question in Indiana as to the proper pronunciation of the word "canvass." Some very forcible Democratic orators pronounce it with the accent on both syllables, as if the last syllable were spelled with a double s. I confess I am inclined to the latter pronunciation. The reader of any work on the use of words must admit that words have more in them than mere definitions.

Take, for instance, the word "tribulation." How much our respect for it is increased when we discover that it comes from tribula, a mill. We thus find out that the expression that a man "has been put through the mill" is simply the vernacular for the statement that he has suffered tribulation.

When an orator announces that he has come to "canvass" for the Democratic ticket, there is immediately a sense of power communicated to the audience, which the word "canvass" does not possess. As I am writing for the benefit of future campaigners, I start with this suggestion as to pronunciation.

I will now give a few suggestions derived from experience and observation, which I hope will be useful in future political campaigns.

It is plain that every man who can speak should bear his fair share of the canvass. Usually in Indiana when the canvass opens all law business is suspended. The lawyers are therefore foot loose, and they take to the woods in great numbers. This is a heavy tax on the profession. On the 4th of last November, it may be safely stated, that every lawyer in the State was bent from the 1st of September he had devoted himself exclusively to enlightening the people on political topics. Some of them made great speeches; all of them made good speeches. Every orator, whether lawyer or not, (and some of our best lawyers are not lawyers) made a good speech. Public speaking is the most essential element in a canvass.

No matter where you speak.

NEVER WEAR ORDINARY CLOTHES. Never put on your "store" clothes when you are to appear before a public audience. One reason for this advice is that you yourself will be more at ease, more natural.

Another is that no attention will be attracted to you "get up." Butler's dress suit best him for President.

In public oratory everything depends on the start. If you start easily and naturally, with your voice at an ordinary key, you will get through all right. But the slightest circumstances when you are nervous, and if this occurs at the beginning, your "effort" will be a failure throughout. Never fail to compliment the locality, as thus: "The good old city of Gibson," "The beautiful city of New Harmony."

Do not fail to compliment the "glee club." Musicians are testy people and will stand any amount of flattery. Indeed, the girls who enliven our meetings deserve all the good words we can say of them.

Introduce into your speech figures, not figures of speech, but numerals. In their use your sphere is almost unlimited. Democratic orators in Indiana never balked at a hundred millions or so. There was a great discrepancy as to the "surplus" which played such an important part in the campaign. Of course, nobody knew, or could know, what the exact amount was. We will find out when the "books are opened."

Mr. Hendricks put it at \$85,000,000. Governor Gray usually had it at \$132,000,000. Senator Voorhees stated it to be \$246,000,000. Mr. Calkins was worst of all, he put it at \$400,000,000. The ordinary Democratic orator saw Calkins and went \$100,000,000 better. The amount is so large that exaggeration does not affect the idea of quantity much, but it is safer to have it large. Calkins is evidently not a whist player. In the game of what the object is to establish a suit. You never were a trump on an isolated trick. But Calkins made the amount enormous in order to get in this little trump, that the Democratic party would never have a surplus, they would steal it all. This was good for the one trick, but it beat Calkins' long suit, and beat him for Governor, because the simplest intelligence understands that the best Treasury—after all public obligations have been met—is an empty one. The Lime Kiln Club is the model of all corporations. Its Treasurer is put under an enormous hand, but to make assurance double sure and take a bond from fate, as Macbeth says, it is provided in the constitution that under no circumstances shall there ever be more than \$1 in the Treasury. The Treasurer can not, therefore, buy a railroad ticket good for more than twenty or thirty cents. Do not fail to present to the people a constitutional question. Nothing so much interests them as a sound constitutional argument. Your average Kentuckian and Tennessean feeds on constitutional argument as the choicest intellectual dainty. The Hoosier is not much behind them in this regard. The Hoosier lawyer has been raised on constitutional law. In 1852 the State adopted a new constitution. From that time to this we have never ceased to argue constitutional questions. The highway law, the school law, the tax law, the exemption law, no exeat, the dog law and many other laws have furnished immense resources for argument. Attorney General Hord, who is a fine lawyer, won his first election by his argument on the dog law. After our great stumper—facile prince—Dan Voorhees had delivered one of his great, earnest, popular appeals, Hord got up and commenced in this wise, in a tone that could be heard a mile: "Fellow-citizens, I have come here to day

"TO ARGUE THE DOG LAW."

There was present a Republican leader in a township who had been Voorhees finished, got up to go out. But Hord's exordium arrested him. He turned and said:

"I'll stay and hear that fellow; they killed one of my dogs yesterday."

He did stay, and before Hord got through he had him for the whole Democratic ticket.

In arguing the tariff always commences by showing that taxes can not be legally levied except for public purposes. You understand that in oratory there is no patent, else you might be arrested for infringing on the patent of the Vice President in this regard.

Above all, and very seriously, always talk sense to the people, or do not talk at all. Be very sure that you can not be too learned.

or too eloquent, for your audience. They can understand and follow you at your very best. Prentiss used to say that his backwoods audiences understood and appreciated him as well as did his audiences in Boston. You may know more of the subject on which you have prepared yourself than any one present, but the mass in the aggregate knows vastly more than you do.

Do not deal much in abuse. A little railing is available. But lengthy denunciation excites sympathy and makes no votes. We found that out when Garfield ran. What ever Blaine may say it is not true that he was much abused in Indiana. It often and often happened that Democratic orators never once alluded to him personally. We left that line to the Independents, who worked it very handsomely. We could not very well abuse him much, because we would not have voted for him even if he had been as good a man as Cleveland. Democrats vote for principles not men. The tariff was the theme that caught the conscience of the people. We had a cause. St. John and we are the only party that had a cause.

Our cause was broader than St. John's. All men pay taxes, but all men do not drink.

Do not rail at the babies. Their crying is very annoying, but it is a great compliment to you that the mother comes to hear you, and of course she can not leave her baby behind. Keep on talking, and it is probable that you will

TALK THE BABY TO SLEEP. And after that have fair sailing. If you order the baby to be taken away, the father goes too, and he will never vote your ticket. It is an excellent plan to have a person in the audience to corroborate your statements. Take a country doctor, for instance. They are always influential men. Ask him in your speech how much he paid for quinine before the tax was taken off. He will answer \$1.25. There is a clear saving in this chili and ague belt of \$4.75. Every time the baby had a chill the people paid Powers & Wrightman \$4.75. There is no answering such an argument as that.

When you start on your canvass "sweat off" at least never drink except on Saturday night. An intervening Sunday may get your mind and body all right again. Peculiar temptations beset the canvasser. Everybody invites him to drink, and he is supposed to be working for his ticket all the time, and not merely while he is speaking.

A Democratic canvasser is supposed to be friendly to the liquor interests. The only safe rule is never to touch the ardent. Beware of vulgar anecdotes. They are never permissible. They will be repeated against you by your opponents, and will disgust your party friends. It is fashionable in Republican circles to deny that the Democrats have any sense of decency or any other sense. But this is a "campaign lie." The Democrats of Indiana, and particularly of the First District, are the most moral, and the most intelligent body of men in the whole world. No man who has ever canvassed in this district can fail to come home without having his respect for the people vastly increased by his acquaintance with them. Allow the communities you visit to hear your expenses if you are not yourself a candidate, and people are high spirited. They like to do the handsome thing. They feel that they get the worth of their money, and prefer to pay it. It does them good. But under no circumstances charge a cent as compensation for a Democratic speaker in or out of the State. A Democratic speaker is to be, above all money considerations. He is a messenger of the truth which should be free as air.

REMEMBER BURCHARD. Bear in mind that you represent a great, moral, honest party. Drop your peculiarities if you have any. You may be a temperance man. But the world was not made for you. The world is made for men who represent the people. The Governor of this State represents all classes.

Be on the side of the masses. Appeal to the people as if you were one of them. Attack no man on account of his religion. The Bible is the word of God.

The banks and the moneyed institutions can take care of themselves. Your utterances will all be perverted by your opponents. Your party will be held responsible for what you say.

If you have an anecdote well, do so. They put the audience in a good humor and do the moral of the speech.

Do not lose heart because some of the audience get up and go up. A young friend of mine told me that he got along very well until the congregation was taken with a leaving—that is, that they all got up and went to what you are saying and you will hold them to the last. A short crisp quotation adds force to the expression of an idea. It is like shooting a ball from a rifle gun. As the quotation marks are not perceptible in the speaking the matter often passes for original. But you can not help that. You are speaking not printing, and the orator has almost as much license as the poet.

CAMPAIGNER. Window plants should have plenty of blossoms at the proper time, but in order to, blossoms they must be plentifully supplied with roots. In lifting plants it is often the practice to reduce the ball of earth lifted with the plant by crumbling the soil around the sides. This destroys the roots to such an extent that the feeding portion of them is completely mutilated, and as a consequence, fresh roots have to start out all over the leading roots before any food can be supplied to support the exuberant growth going on from the leaves and stems, especially in very succulent kinds.

Beware. Of violent purgatives. They must inevitably injure the well-being of the system, if much used. Irregularity of the bowels is remediable without their aid, and they enfeeble those organs. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are not only a laxative, but a tonic. No subsequent medication is needed, as in the case of powerful cathartics, to repeat the violence of their effects. Blue pill and calomel are never safe in the long run; and there are other medicines taken to regulate the liver and bowels which are hurtful to both. Long experience has proved the Bitters to be safe and salutary as well as potent. They brace up the system when enfeebled, thus guarding it from disease, particularly malaria, constipation, rheumatism, weakness and inactivity of a dyspeptic stomach, improve appetite, and tend to tranquilize over-acted nerves. They have also been repeatedly used as a remedy for rheumatism and kidney troubles.

With timothy hay at \$10 per ton the average cost of a day's ration for a 1200 pound bullock will be fifteen cents. A daily ration consisting of fifteen pounds of wheat straw, ten pounds of oat straw and five pounds of clover cake at \$30 per ton would form a food almost exactly equivalent in nutritive quality to the hay ration of twenty-five cents, costing just one-half as much as the latter, where the straw is worth nothing for selling in the market, as is usually the case.

That Snake is Up. We could use all sorts of extravagant words about the effects of Parker's Hair Balsam. But the simple truth is enough. It is the best thing of its kind. Cures falling hair, and dandruff, restores original color, is a delicious dressing and perfectly pure and clean. It will satisfy you. The only standard 50 cent dressing.

## Catarrh Can be Cured.

That exceedingly disagreeable and very prevalent disease, catarrh, is caused by scrofulous taint in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla, by its powerful purifying and vitalizing action upon the blood, speedily removes the cause, and thus effects a radical and permanent cure of catarrh. Those who suffer from its varied symptoms—uncomfortable flow from the nose, offensive breath, ringing and bursting noises in the ears, swelling of the soft parts of the throat, nervous prostration, etc.—should take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured.

## The Best Medicine.

"I have suffered with catarrh in my head for years, and paid out hundreds of dollars for medicines, but have heretofore received only temporary relief. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and now my catarrh is nearly cured, the weakness of my body is all gone, my appetite is good—in fact, I feel like another person. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I have ever taken."—MRS. A. CUNNINGHAM, Providence, R. I.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

old by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

WM. B. BURFORD,

MANUFACTURER OF

## Blank Books,

Printer, Stationer,

LITHOGRAPHER.

Legal Blanks of All Kinds Kept in Stock.

INDIANAPOLIS.

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!

Don't!